

# THE MADISON WHIG ADVOCATE.

BY G. E. W. NELSON & Co.

"OUR COUNTRY—ALWAYS OUR COUNTRY—RIGHT OR WRONG."

At Five Dollars in advance.

Volume 1.

CANTON, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1839.

Number 22.

## The Madison Whig Advocate, G. E. W. NELSON & Co.

TERMS—Five Dollars in advance, or Six Dollars at the end of six months. No subscription will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. For the option of the publishers, no subscription will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. For the option of the publishers, no subscription will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of One Dollar per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements which are not limited on the number of insertions, will be charged until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature, whenever admitted, will be charged at the rate of Ten Dollars per square, (ten lines or less), for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

no longer silent, nor motionless, displayed itself like the beauty of the ocean wave, which is the most obvious at the moment of its dissolution.

Early in the morning the two friends prepared to pursue their journey. As they were about to depart, one of the emigrants advanced towards them, and remarked:

"I reckon strangers, you allow to camp at Scottsville to-night?"

"Yes," said Saunders, "I do."

"Well, then, I can tell you a cut that's a heap shorter than the road you talk of taking—and at the forks of Rushing river, there's a smart chance of blue clay, that's my like, and its right scary crossing at times."

Supposing they had found a nearer and better road, and one by which a dangerous ford would be avoided, they thanked their informant, and proceeded on their journey.

In some previous conversations, Saunders had learned that his friend had recently experienced some heavy losses, and was at this time much pressed for money, and wishing to offer him assistance, had from time to time deferred it, from the difficulty of approaching so delicate a subject.

As the time of parting approached, however, he drew the conversation to that point, and was informed that the sum of five hundred dollars, would relieve his friend from embarrassment.

Having a large sum in his possession, he generously tendered him the amount required, and Hamilton after some hesitation, accepted the loan, and proposed his note for its payment, which Saunders declined, under the plea that the whole transaction was a matter of friendship, and that no such formality was requisite. When they were about to part Hamilton unfolded his breast-pin, and presented it to his friend, "Let this," said he, "remind you of Kentucky—I trust, that when I visit you next year, I shall see it adorning the person of some favored fair one."

"I have no such confidence in you," laughingly returned the other; and handing him a silver-handled pen-knife curiously embossed, "I am told that knives and scissors are not acceptable presents to the fair, as they are supposed to cut love, so I have no fear that Almiral will get this and I know that no other human being would cause you to forget your friend." They then parted.

As Hamilton was riding slowly homeward, engaged in thought and holding his bridle loosely, a deer sprang suddenly from the thicket and fell in the road, before his horse, who started and threw him to the ground.

In examining the deer, which had been mortally wounded and still struggling, some of the blood was sprinkled on his dress, which had been otherwise soiled by his fall. Paying little attention to these circumstances, he returned home.

Though his absence had been brief, many hands grasped his cordial welcome, many eyes met his own in love, for few of the young men of the country were so universally beloved and so much respected as Hamilton. But to none was his return so acceptable as Almiral.

She had been his school-mate in childhood, in maturer years their intimacy had ripened into love, they were soon to be united in the holiest and dearest ties.

But the visions of hope were soon to pass from them, as the mirage of the desert that mocks the eye of the thirsty traveller, and then leaves him a death-devoted wanderer on the arid waste.

A vague report was brought to the village that the body of a murdered man was found near Scottsville. It was first mentioned by a traveller in company with whom Hamilton was present, and he instantly exclaimed, "no doubt it is Saunders—how an unfortunate that I left him!"

And then retired under great excitement. His manner and expression awakened suspicion, which was unhappily corroborated by a variety of circumstances, that were cautiously whispered by those who dared not openly arraign a person whose conduct through life had been honest, frank and manly.

He had ridden away with Saunders, who was known to have been in possession of a large sum of money. Since his return he had paid off debts to a large amount. The pen-knife of Saunders was recognized in his hand—yet none were willing, on mere surmise, to hazard a direct accusation.

The effect of the intelligence upon Hamilton was marked. The sudden death of a dear friend is hard to be supported—but when one who is loved and esteemed, is cut off by the dastardly hand of the assassin, the pang of bereavement is doubly great, and in this instance the feelings of gratitude which Hamilton felt towards his benefactor, caused him to mourn over the catastrophe with a melancholy anguish.

He would sit for hours in a state of abstraction, from which even the smiles of love could not awaken him.

The elections were at hand, and Hamilton was a candidate for the Legislature. In the progress of the canvass, the foul charge was openly made, and propagated with the remorseless spirit of party animosity. Yet he heard it not, until one evening as he sat with Almiral, in her father's house. They were conversing in low accents, when the sound of approaching footsteps interrupted them, and the father of Almiral entered the room—"Mr. Hamilton," said he, "I am a frank man—I consented to your union with my daughter, believing your character to be unstained—but I regret to hear a charge is made against you, which if true, must render you amenable to the laws of your country. I believe it to be a fabrication of your enemies—but until it shall be disproved, and your character as a man of honor placed above suspicion, you must be sensible that the proposed union cannot take place, and that your visits to my house must be discontinued."

"I do not know," replied he, "it is some electioneering story, no doubt, which I can easily explain. I only regard that it should give him or you a moment's uneasiness."

"I shall cause me none," replied the confiding girl, "I cannot believe any evil of you."

He retired—sought the nature of his charge and to his inexpressible astonishment and horror, learned that he was accused of the murder and robbery of his friend! In a state little short of distraction, he retired to his room, recalled with painful minuteness all the circumstances connected with the melancholy catastrophe, and for the first time, saw the dangerous ground on which he stood.

But proud in conscious innocence, he felt to withdraw at that stage of the canvass, might be construed into a confession of guilt. He remained a candidate and was beaten. Now for the first time, did he feel the wretchedness of a condemned and degraded man.

The tribunal of public opinion had pronounced against him the sentence of conviction; and even his friends, as the excitement of the party struggle subsided, became cold in his defence, and warring in their belief of his innocence. Conscious that the eye of suspicion was open, and satisfied that nothing short of a public investigation could restore him to honor, the unhappy young man surrendered himself to the civil authority, and demanded a trial! Little did he know of the malignity of man or the fatal energy of popular delusion! He reflected not that when the public mind is imbued with prejudice, even truth itself ceases to be mighty. Many believed him guilty, and those who, during the canvass industriously circulated the report, now labored with unrelenting diligence to collect and accumulate the evidence which should sustain their previous assertions. But arrayed in the panoply of innocence, he stood firm and confident of acquittal.

The best counsel had been engaged—and on the day of trial, Hamilton stood before the assembled country—an arraigned culprit, in the presence of those before whom he had walked with honor from childhood.

As the trial proceeded, the confidence of his friends diminished, and those who had doubted became confirmed in the prisoner's guilt. Tides light as air, became confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ to the jealous mind of the audience, and one fact linked to another in chain of evidence, until the chain of corroborating circumstances seemed irresistibly conclusive. His recent intimacy with the deceased, and even the attention which friendship and hospitality had dictated were ingeniously insisted upon as evidences of a deliberate plan of wickedness—long formed and gradually developed. The facts, that he accompanied the deceased on his way—that he lost the path in a country in which he was supposed to be familiar—his conduct on hearing of the death of his friend—the money—the knife—caused the most incredulous to tremble for his fate. But when the breast pin of Hamilton, found near the body of the murdered man was produced—and a pistol known to have been that of the prisoner, was proved to have been picked up near the corpse—but little room was left even for charity to indulge a benevolent doubt. Nor was this all—the prosecution had sat another witness—the pale girl who sat by him clasping his hand in hers, was unexpectedly called upon to rise and give testimony. She shrank from the unfeeling call, and buried her face in her brother's bosom. That blow was not anticipated—for none but the myriads of party vengeance, who had even violated the sanctuary of family confidence, dreamed that any criminal circumstance was in the possession of the young lady. At the mandate of the court, she arose; laid aside her veil, and disclosed a face haggard with anxiety and terror. In low tremulous accents, broken with sobs, she reluctantly deposited that the clothes worn by her brother, on his return home from that fatal journey, were torn, soiled with earth, and bloody! An audible murmur ran thro' the crowd, who were listening in breathless silence—the prisoner bowed his head in mute despair—the witness was borne away insensible—the argument proceeded, and after an eloquent defence, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty! The sentence of death was passed.

The summer had passed away. The hand of autumn had begun to tinge with mellow hues the magnificent scenery of the forest. It was evening, and the clear moonbeams were shining through the groves of the prisoner's cell. The unhappy man, haggard, emaciated, and heart-broken, was lying upon his wretched pallet, reflecting alternately upon the early wreck of his bright hopes, the hour of ignominy that was just approaching, and the dread futurity into which he should soon be plunged. It was the season with which his marriage with Almiral was to have been solemnized. With what pride and joy he had looked forward to this hour! And now instead of the wedding festivities, the lovely bride, and the train of congratulating friends, so often pictured in fancy, he realized fetters, a dungeon, and a disgraceful death! The well known tread of the jailer interrupted the bitter train of thought. The door opened, and as the light streamed from a lantern across the cell, he saw a female form timidly approaching. In a moment Almiral had sunk upon her knees beside him, and their hands were silently clasped together. There are occasions when the heart spurns all constraint, and acts up to its own dictates, careless of the public opinion, or prescribed forms—when love becomes the absorbing and overruling passion—and when that which under other circumstances would be mere unlicensed impulse, becomes a hallowed,

imperious duty.—That noble hearted girl had believed to the last that her lover would be honorably acquitted. The intelligence of his condemnation, while it blighted hopes, and withered her health, never disturbed for one moment her conviction of his innocence. There is a union of hearts which is indestructible, which marriage may sanction and nourish, and hallow, but which separation cannot destroy—a love that endures while life remains, or until its object shall prove faithless or unworthy. Such was the affection of Almiral; and she held her promise to love and honor him whose fidelity was to her unspotted and whose character she considered honorable, to be as sacred as if they had been united in marriage. When all others forsook she resolved never to forsake him. She had come to visit him in his desolation, and to risk all, to save one who was dear and innocent in her estimation, though guilty in the eyes of the world.

The jailer, a blunt, though humane man, briefly disclosed a plan which he with Almiral had devised for the escape of Hamilton. He had consented to allow him to escape, in female dress,—she was to remain in his stead, so that the whole contrivance should seem to be her own. "But know what's right," he said, "I am a plain man, and I don't want to hang no man on suspicion, and more than that I am not going to stand in no man's way—especially a friend who has done me favors as you have. The track's clear Mr. Hamilton, and the quicker you put out the better."

To his surprise the prisoner peremptorily refused the offer.

"I am innocent," said he, "but I would suffer a thousand deaths rather than injure the fair fame of this confiding girl."

"Go, Dudley, my dear Dudley," she sobbed, "for my sake, for the sake of your broken hearted father and sister."

"Do not tempt me, my dear Almiral. I will not do that which will expose you to disgrace!"

"Oh who would blame me?"

"The world—the uncharitable world—they who believe me a murderer, and have tortured my most innocent actions into proof of deliberate villainy, will not hesitate to brand you as the victim of a cold-blooded felon. And why should I fly to live a wretched wanderer, with the brand of Cain on my forehead, and a character stamped with infamy?"

He would have said more—but the form that during this brief dialogue, had sunk into his arms, was laying lifeless on his bosom. He kissed her cold lips, and passionately repeated her name—but she heard him not—her pure spirit had gently disengaged itself, and was flown forever. Her heart was broken. She had watched and wept, and prayed, in hopeless grief, until the physical energies of a delicate frame were exhausted; and the excitement of the last scene had snapped the attenuated thread of life.

Hamilton did not survive her long. His health was already shattered by the long confinement, and the chafing of a proud spirit. Almiral had died for him—and his own mother—oh! how cautiously did they whisper the sad truth, when he asked why she who had loved him better than life, had forsaken him in the hour of affliction—she, too, had sunk under the deadly blow. His father lived a withered melancholy man, crushed in spirit; and at his sister hung like a guardian angel over his death bed, and he gazed on her pale, emaciated, sorrow-stricken countenance, he saw she, too, would soon be numbered among the victims of this melancholy prosecution. When with his last breath he suggested that they would soon meet, she replied: "I trust that God will spare me to see your innocence established, and then I will die contented." And her confidence was rewarded—for God does not disappoint those who put their trust in him.

About a year afterwards, a wretch who was executed at Natchez, and who was one of the three persons mentioned in the commencement of this narrative, confessed that he had murdered Saunders, with a pistol which he found at the place where the two friends had slept. "I knew it would be so," was the only reply of the fast declining sister—and soon after she was buried by the side of Dudley and Almiral. Render, this is no fiction—nor are the ways of God unjust—but his ways are above our apprehension.—Western Monthly Magazine.

Front by London Literary Gazette.

The Play at Venice.

Some years since, a German Prince making a tour of Europe, stopped at Venice for a short period. It was the close of summer, the Adriatic was calm, the nights were lovely, the Venetian women in the full enjoyment of those delicious spirits that in their climate rise and fall with the coming and the departure of this finest season of the year. Every day was given by the illustrious stranger to researches among the records and antiquities of this singular city, and every night to parties on the Brontia, or the sea. As the morning was nigh, it was the custom to return from the water to sup at some of the places of the nobility. In the commencement of his intercourse, all national distinctions were carefully suppressed. But as his intimacy increased, he was forced to see the lurking vanity of the Italian breaking out. One of its most frequent exhibitions was in the little dramas that would those sately festivities. The wit was constantly sharpened by some contrast of the Italian and German, some slight aspersion on the national rudeness, some remarks on the history of people untouched by the elegance of southern manners. The sarcasm was conveyed with Italian grace, and the offense softened by its humor. It was obvious that the only retaliation must be humorous. At length the Prince, on the point of taking leave, invited his entertainers to a farewell supper. He drew their conversation to the infinite superiority of the Italian, and above all of the Venetian, acknowledged the darkness in which Germany had been destined to remain so long, and looked forward with infinite sorrow to the comparative opinion of posterity upon a country to which so little of its gratitude must be due. "But my Lords," said he rising, "we are an envious people, and an example like yours cannot be lost even on a German. I have been charmed with your dramas, and have contrived a little arrangement to give one of our country, if you will condescend to follow me to the great hall." The company rose and followed him through the splendid suite of a Venetian villa, to the hall which was fitted up as a German barn. The aspect of the theatre produced first surprise, and next a universal smile. It had no resemblance to the gilded and sculptured saloons of their own sumptuous little theatres. However, it was only so much the more Teutonic. The curtain drew up. The surprise rose into loud laughter, even among the Venetians who have seldom been betrayed into anything beyond a smile for generations together. The stage was a temporary erection, rude and uneven. The scenes represented a wretched and irregular street, scarcely lighted by a few twinkling lamps, and looking the faint of robbery and assassination. On a narrow view some of the noble spectators began to think it had a kind of resemblance to an Italian street, and some actually discovered in it one of the leading streets of their own famous city. But the play was on a German story, they were under a German roof. The street was notwithstanding its ill-named similitude, of course German. The street was solitary. At length a traveller, a German, with pistols in a belt around his waist, and apparently exhausted by his journey, came heavily pining along. He knocked at several of the doors, but could obtain no admission. He then wrapped himself up in his cloak, and down upon a fragment of a monument and soliloquized. "Well, here have I come, and this is my reception. All palaces, all nobles, and not a man to tell me where I can find down in comfort or safety. A German does not much care, campaigning has hardened efficiency among us. Hunger and thirst, heat and cold, dangers of war and the roads, are not very formidable after what we have to work through from father to son. Loneliness, however, is not so well, unless a man can labor or read. Road, that's true, come out, Zimmerman! He drew a volume from his pocket, moved nearer to a decaying lamp, and soon seemed absorbed. He had till now been the only object. Another soon shared the eyes of the spectators. A long, light figure came with a kind of visionary movement from behind the monument, surveyed the traveller with keen curiosity, listened with apparent astonishment to his words, and in another moment had fixed itself gazing over his shoulder on the volume. The eyes of this singular being wandered rapidly over the page, and when it was turned they were lifted up to heaven with the strongest expressions of wonder. The German was weary, his head soon drooped over his study, and he closed the book.

"What," said he, rising and stretching his limbs, "is there no one stirring in this comfortable place? Is it not near day?"

He took out his repeater and touched the pendant, it struck four. His mysterious attendant watched him narrowly; the repeater was traversed over with an eager gaze; but when it struck, delight was mingled with the wonder that had till then filled its pale, intelligent countenance.

"Four o'clock," said the German, "in my country half the world would be thinking of going to the day's work by this time. In another hour it will be sunrise. Well then, I will do you a service, you nation of sleepers, and make you open your eyes."

He drew one of his pistols, and fired it. The attendant form still hovering behind him, had looked curiously upon the pistol, but on its going off, started back in terror, and with a loud cry that made the traveller turn—

"Who are you?" was his greeting to the intruder.

"I will not hurt you," was the answer. "Who cares for that?" was the German's retort, as he pulled out the other pistol.

"My friend," said the figure, "even that weapon of thunder and lightning cannot hurt me now. But if you would know who I am, let me entreat you to satisfy my curiosity a moment. You seem a man of extraordinary powers."

"Well then," said the German in a gentle tone, "if you come as a friend, I shall be glad to give you information; it is the custom of our country to deny nothing to those who live to learn."

The former sighed deeply and murmured, "and yet you are a Teuton; but you were just reading a little case of strange and yet most interesting figures; was it a manuscript?"

"No, it was a printed book."

"Printed, was it printed?" I never heard of it before."

"It is an art by which one man can give to the world, in one day, as much as three hundred could give by writing, and in a character of superior clearness, correctness and beauty; one by which books are made universal, and literature eternal."

"Incredible, glorious art!" said the inquirer. "Who was its illustrious inventor?"

"A German."

"But another question. I saw you look at a most curious instrument traced with figures; it sparkled with diamonds, but its greatest wonder was its sound. It gave the hour with marvellous exactness, and the strokes were followed by tones superior to the sweetest music of melody."

"That was a repeater!"

"Now when I had the luxuries of the earth at my command, I had nothing to tell the hour better than the clock, and the sun dial. But this must be incomparable from its facility of being carried about, from its unobtrusiveness, all hours and from its exactness of time. It may assist navigation, astronomy. What an invention! whose was it? He must be more than man."

"He was a German."

"What, will a barbarian? A German? I remember his nation. I once saw an auxiliary legion of them marching towards Rome. They were a bold and brave blue-eyed troop. The whole city poured forth to see those northern warriors, but we looked on them as gallant savages. I have one more question, the most interesting of all. I saw you came your hand with a small tranchet in it; in a moment something rushed out that seemed a portion of the fire of the clouds. Were they thunder and lightning that I saw? Did they come by your command? Was that tranchet a magic wand, and was that tranchet a sceptre commanding the elements? Are you a god?"

The stranger inquired had drawn back gradually as his feelings rose. Caruso was now whom would he, who he stood gazing up as an attitude that suggested awe with devotion. The German felt the sensation of a superior presence growing on himself, as he looked upon the fixed countenance of this mysterious being. It was in that moment of kindling light and darkness which the moon leaves as it sinks just below morning. There was a single line of pale grey in the East that touched the verge with a white light, the moon revolved broadly on the horizon was setting behind, the figure seemed as if it was standing in the orb. Its arm was raised towards heaven, and the light came through its drapery with the undiminished of a vision. But the German, half-started to the vestibule, and perched by flood and field, shook off his head alarm, and proceeded calmly to explain the source of his marvels. He gave a slight detail of the machinery of the pistol, and alluded to the history of gunpowder.

"It must be a mighty instrument in the hands of man for such good work," said the form. "How much it must change the nature of war! how much it must influence the fate of nations! He whom was the wondrous secret revealed to the trades upon earth?"

"A German."

The form seemed suddenly to change, its features of which were gone, its attitude was irresolute motion. Before it had uttered a word, it looked as if made to persuade and command. Its water robe had been flung away; it now stood with antique dress of brilliant white, gathered in many folds, and edged with a deep border of purple; a slight wreath of laurels dazzlingly green, was on its brow. It looked like the genius of Eloquence.

"Stranger," it said, pointing to the Apennines, which were then beginning to be marked by the twilight, "neglect not the nature of war! how much it must influence the fate of nations! He whom was the wondrous secret revealed to the trades upon earth?"

"A German."

but its greatest wonder was its sound. It gave the hour with marvellous exactness, and the strokes were followed by tones superior to the sweetest music of melody."

"That was a repeater!"

"Now when I had the luxuries of the earth at my command, I had nothing to tell the hour better than the clock, and the sun dial. But this must be incomparable from its facility of being carried about, from its unobtrusiveness, all hours and from its exactness of time. It may assist navigation, astronomy. What an invention! whose was it? He must be more than man."

"He was a German."

"What, will a barbarian? A German? I remember his nation. I once saw an auxiliary legion of them marching towards Rome. They were a bold and brave blue-eyed troop. The whole city poured forth to see those northern warriors, but we looked on them as gallant savages. I have one more question, the most interesting of all. I saw you came your hand with a small tranchet in it; in a moment something rushed out that seemed a portion of the fire of the clouds. Were they thunder and lightning that I saw? Did they come by your command? Was that tranchet a magic wand, and was that tranchet a sceptre commanding the elements? Are you a god?"

The stranger inquired had drawn back gradually as his feelings rose. Caruso was now whom would he, who he stood gazing up as an attitude that suggested awe with devotion. The German felt the sensation of a superior presence growing on himself, as he looked upon the fixed countenance of this mysterious being. It was in that moment of kindling light and darkness which the moon leaves as it sinks just below morning. There was a single line of pale grey in the East that touched the verge with a white light, the moon revolved broadly on the horizon was setting behind, the figure seemed as if it was standing in the orb. Its arm was raised towards heaven, and the light came through its drapery with the undiminished of a vision. But the German, half-started to the vestibule, and perched by flood and field, shook off his head alarm, and proceeded calmly to explain the source of his marvels. He gave a slight detail of the machinery of the pistol, and alluded to the history of gunpowder.

"It must be a mighty instrument in the hands of man for such good work," said the form. "How much it must change the nature of war! how much it must influence the fate of nations! He whom was the wondrous secret revealed to the trades upon earth?"

"A German."

The form seemed suddenly to change, its features of which were gone, its attitude was irresolute motion. Before it had uttered a word, it looked as if made to persuade and command. Its water robe had been flung away; it now stood with antique dress of brilliant white, gathered in many folds, and edged with a deep border of purple; a slight wreath of laurels dazzlingly green, was on its brow. It looked like the genius of Eloquence.

"Stranger," it said, pointing to the Apennines, which were then beginning to be marked by the twilight, "neglect not the nature of war! how much it must influence the fate of nations! He whom was the wondrous secret revealed to the trades upon earth?"

"A German."

The form seemed suddenly to change, its features of which were gone, its attitude was irresolute motion. Before it had uttered a word, it looked as if made to persuade and command. Its water robe had been flung away; it now stood with antique dress of brilliant white, gathered in many folds, and edged with a deep border of purple; a slight wreath of laurels dazzlingly green, was on its brow. It looked like the genius of Eloquence.

"Stranger," it said, pointing to the Apennines, which were then beginning to be marked by the twilight, "neglect not the nature of war! how much it must influence the fate of nations! He whom was the wondrous secret revealed to the trades upon earth?"

"A German."

The form seemed suddenly to change, its features of which were gone, its attitude was irresolute motion. Before it had uttered a word, it looked as if made to persuade and command. Its water robe had been flung away; it now stood with antique dress of brilliant white, gathered in many folds, and edged with a deep border of purple; a slight wreath of laurels dazzlingly green, was on its brow. It looked like the genius of Eloquence.

"Stranger," it said, pointing to the Apennines, which were then beginning to be marked by the twilight, "neglect not the nature of war! how much it must influence the fate of nations! He whom was the wondrous secret revealed to the trades upon earth?"

"A German."

The form seemed suddenly to change, its features of which were gone, its attitude was irresolute motion. Before it had uttered a word, it looked as if made to persuade and command. Its water robe had been flung away; it now stood with antique dress of brilliant white, gathered in many folds, and edged with a deep border of purple; a slight wreath of laurels dazzlingly green, was on its brow. It looked like the genius of Eloquence.

"Stranger," it said, pointing to the Apennines, which were then beginning to be marked by the twilight, "neglect not the nature of war! how much it must influence the fate of nations! He whom was the wondrous secret revealed to the trades upon earth?"

"A German."

The form seemed suddenly to change, its features of which were gone, its attitude was irresolute motion. Before it had uttered a word, it looked as if made to persuade and command. Its water robe had been flung away; it now stood with antique dress of brilliant white, gathered in many folds, and edged with a deep border of purple; a slight wreath of laurels dazzlingly green, was on its brow. It looked like the genius of Eloquence.

"Stranger," it said, pointing to the Apennines, which were then beginning to be marked by the twilight, "neglect not the nature of war! how much it must influence the fate of nations! He whom was the wondrous secret revealed to the trades upon earth?"

"A German."

The form seemed suddenly to change, its features of which were gone, its attitude was irresolute motion. Before it had uttered a word, it looked as if made to persuade and command. Its water robe had been flung away; it now stood with antique dress of brilliant white, gathered in many folds, and edged with a deep border of purple; a slight wreath of laurels dazzlingly green, was on its brow. It looked like the genius of Eloquence.

"Stranger," it said, pointing to the Apennines, which were then beginning to be marked by the twilight, "neglect not the nature of war! how much it must influence the fate of nations! He whom was the wondrous secret revealed to the trades upon earth?"

"A German."

The form seemed suddenly to change, its features of which were gone, its attitude was irresolute motion. Before it had uttered a word, it looked as if made to persuade and command. Its water robe had been flung away; it now stood with antique dress of brilliant white, gathered in many folds, and edged with a deep border of purple; a slight wreath of laurels dazzlingly green, was on its brow. It looked like the genius of Eloquence.

"Stranger," it said, pointing to the Apennines, which were then beginning to be marked by the twilight, "neglect not the nature of war! how much it must influence the fate of nations! He whom was the wondrous secret revealed to the trades upon earth?"

"A German."